

stiffly warns McPherson, eying Ma'm'selle gloomily; for he could now see it was a game atween a man and a woman. 'This yere zodiac business seems to have jumped the iron.'

JEST a second,' says Uncle Feeble in a new voice. Then to the female, 'Answer straight. Is this feller yer brother? A lie will kill him.'

"She burst into tears and solemnly swore, 'He is. He was sick. I come up here arter him. When I found him he told me stories 'bout finding some rich diggings. We had no money. I told fortunes and tried to grub-stake him. We believed that if we could out-fit thoroughly he would win out. So please let him go free!'

"Big Welch laughed a jeering laff; ditto the rest of us. But Uncle Feeble coolly says:

"I believe the lady has spoke the truth. She has been imprudent; but the female o' the species has to take every advantage she can when meeting up with a bunch o' rough-necks. Ye all know I've corraled considerable dust and have kept it. I want to buy yer claims in this yere grubstaking business. Who'll sell for face value? If ye don't sell, ye'll never git yer dust back, as it ain't to be found by the most promiscu's searching.'

"Afore his words could git cool I 'lowed I'd sell, as my two thousand beans looked awful good when coming back. T'others barked each other's heels in follering suit. The minute the last man had accepted the offer Uncle Feeble threw the rope off'n Splinter's neck and says, 'Don't annoy this chap any more. I've bought all yer claims. Ye ain't got anything ag'in' him. I'm his partner. Anyone got any remarks?'

"And leaning ag'in' the shack he let his two hands glide forth, horizontal wise, each thoughtfully holding a forty-four.

"Big Welch gave a roar and grabbed for his belt; but Uncle Feeble's off gun dropped into line with his stomach, and he warns, 'I'm sort of a invalid; but behind this yere piece of ordnance I'm the strongest man on the Circle. What ye beefing about? Ye go into a business deal, and then squeal. Ye git yer money back, and ye squeal some more. On course, if ye all persist, ye'll git me and Splinter; but what few on ye that is left will have to work overtime digging the

approximate graves.' He was that partic'lar in his language, Miss, even when standing in the mouth o' the Valley o' the Shadder.

"McPherson rubbed his jaw fretful; then his orbs took a squint at the little, dark-haired female, and he groans, 'Lawd, Fellers! But Splinter is her brother. I can see the fambly look now that they're both down on their luck. Unkie Feeble takes the pot, our cards being in the discard. Leave him be, Boys.'

"Thanks,' grins Uncle Feeble, hooking up with Ma'm'selle. 'It's my first investment since striking it rich. Come along with me and yer sister, Splinter.'

"And with various emotions clogging our interiors we men filed back to the Imperial and took several solemn quenchers."

HE was a noble character," cried Nurse, her face flushing, "a diamond in the rough! To think of his being that generous and brave and saving the poor man's life just out of respect for a lone woman!" Then her brows puckered into a little frown and she coldly asked, "Of course he didn't marry her? That would spoil the whole story."

"Which same interrogation shows some female discernment, Miss," sighed Sinful. "He did that same."

Nurse pouted and grumbled, "It would have been far nicer if he hadn't,—far nicer in him and more romantic,—for if he wanted the woman, he didn't make any sacrifice."

"Sacrifice?" exclaimed Sinful, half rising on his elbow, but dropping back quickly as his wounded ribs protested. "I should say not, Miss! I forgot to add that them there maps we so festively burned was real, simon pure maps, and that if we'd used 'em we'd found the famous Tunaluck lode, what had been lost for years. Uncle Feeble found it, and he's a bloated millionaire today. Any Sunday when ye're out o' the game jest take a paper and gun for the picter o' Mrs. Montgomery Kurbush Finck. She's Uncle Feeble's wife, and her long suit is grubstaking hospitals and men's missions."

"Ye see, Miss, there's lots in this yere zodiac game, and if the horoscope o' the young feller ye was so kindly reading to me about says he's going to have trouble, he can bank heavy on going up ag'in' it."

## WORTH WHILE FOLK

### A BLIND WOMAN SCHOLAR AND MUSICIAN

TO be absolutely blind, and yet to establish a successful career and make a reputation for herself in Europe, has been the work of Miss Leila Holterhoff, the blind California singer, one of the most versatile women I have ever met. An American journalist in Berlin once called her the Helen Keller of Music; but this name is not entirely applicable, as, with the exception of

seeing, she is in full possession of her faculties.

Miss Holterhoff has been blind from her first year; but as far as possible everything was done in her education to make her forget the affliction. For example, she was taught to walk and to be independent by a new method. Usually people who are blind walk with groping hands before them and feel their way about. Leila's mother went down on the floor, with the greatest patience followed her about, bending the little girl's knees, and going through the motion of walking, until she had learned to move like any seeing person. She was made to fetch things, and not permitted to lay her hands on other people. She was taught to carve her own food, to dress herself, to manœuvre her own nails, and in every respect to attend to her own wants.

She was much in the company of other people; for her mother felt that it was best that she should ignore the limits of blindness to every extent possible. She went to school with other children, and was taught all the accomplishments. She learned to dance, to swim, to row, to ride horseback and the bicycle. She studied Latin, obtaining a teacher's certificate, and taught this branch for several years. She is also an accomplished linguist in the modern languages, speaking fluently German, French, Italian, Spanish, and also possessing a knowledge of Hungarian, Finnish, and Dutch. She operates the typewriter to perfection, writing letters without a single mistake.

Already as a child Leila

developed a boundless love for the piano, and would sit for hours playing house with the keys. She declares that she always felt that the piano was her house, the keys were the families, all of the sharps were men because they were black and strong. C and C sharp were the mothers and fathers, and B, because it was a halftone lower down, and therefore weaker, was always a baby.

Miss Holterhoff studied piano with Philo Becker of Los Angeles; but not until she reached the age of twelve was she permitted to study singing. She later went to Paris, and there was the pupil of Frank King Clark, who taught her tone-placing and other fundamental necessities. Then she was taken to Florence, Italy, and worked for two years with Vannuchini, who gave her a training in all the old Italian arias. Next she went to Berlin, where for three years she was with Madame Therese Emerich, who taught her interpretation. She studied repertoire with Fritz Lindemann, the accompanist, and harmony with the American composer, Stillman Kelly.

After Miss Holterhoff completed her studies she made her appearance in the concert halls of Germany, England, France, Holland, Austria, the Scandinavian countries, and the United States. Her greatest success, however, has been in Germany. She has fully entered into the sentiment and depth of the German folk song.

Not only as a singer, but also as a lecturer, is Miss Holterhoff able to interest an audience, and for several years she has lectured successfully in the American church in Berlin on the works of Wagner. She is also a successful teacher of singing and of the languages.

She has indeed a rarefied sense, feels colors, and displays an intuitive knowledge of the beauty, value, and fitness of persons and things. A person meeting her for the first time is somewhat surprised when she says, "I see this"; but this is a genuine expression of her consciousness and mental expression of vision. She indeed often "sees" things more correctly and more clearly than persons in possession of sight. These qualities astonish the observer, especially after one has been with Miss Holterhoff to an art gallery or a theater. She correctly "sees" and gages persons and objects through her own "mind's eye."

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